Home Mission Echoes

"The Country for which I lifted up mine hand to give to your fathers"

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Vol. X MAY, 1907 No. 5

FOR, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.

—Solomon's Song, 2: 11, 12.

BLESS the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless His holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits: Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

—Psalms 103: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

I BESEECH you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.

—Romans 12: 1.

510 Tremont Temple
Boston

HOME MISSION ECHOES

This paper is published monthly under the auspices jointly of the American Baptist Home Mission Society and the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, and represents in a concise manner the interests of both organizations. It aims to make a cheap, popular Home Mission periodical, attractive in its mechanical features, interesting to old and young in its varied contents, with numerous illustrations during the year. Mrs. M. C. Reynolds is the General Editor, and Mrs. Jas. McWhinnie, Assistant Editor. Rev. Howard B. Grose has charge of the Home Mission Society's Department, and Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt has charge of the Department for "Our Young People." All correspondence pertaining to the editorial department of the paper should be sent to Mrs. M. C. Reynolds, 510 Tremont Temple.

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All moneys and letters pertaining to subscriptions should be sent to Gertrude L. Davis, Business Manager of HOME MISSION ECHOES, 510 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

THE ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how gladly it had rung?

—Edward Rowland Sill.

THE WOMAN'S AMERICAN BAPTIST HOME MISSION SOCIETY

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THE pupils in Santiago, Cuba, have done a very pretty thing for their former teacher. They have had a large crayon made with this inscription: Miss Elma G. Gowen, first teacher, Instituto Marti—Remember.

This is hung over the new Memorial Windows, and underneath one of the girls, whose writing is almost equal to engraving, has written the 13th of 1st Corinthians that was used so much in their Christian Endeavor and Loyal Temperance Legion meetings.

THE estimate of the country's population to-day is 93,000,000. Within a year or two there will be close to 100,000,000, —more than one-third of our population lives in cities. Boston is the fifth city, while Massachusetts is the second state in point of population.

IN Chicago, alone, there are more Germans than any other city in the world, except Berlin, more Swedes than in any other city except Stockholm, more Norwegians than in any other city except Christiana.

SOME of our readers may not know the names of the members of the President's Cabinet since it has been reconstructed. It is well for us who are interested in our Home Land to know the names of those who have such an important part to act in the affairs of the country.

Secretary of State,	Elihu Root,
Secretary of the Treasury	George B. Cortelyou.
Secretary of War,	William H. Taft.
Attorney-General,	Charles J. Bonaparte.
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IN March in the presence of a large audience, including clergymen and officers of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Gov. Henry Bushtel of Colorado, signed the local option bill, the first temperance measure ever passed by a Legislature in Colorado.

Home Mission Echoes

"Our Echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever."—*Tennyson.*

Vol. X. MAY, 1907 No. 5

THE Twenty-ninth Annual Meeting of the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society will be held in the Old Cambridge Baptist Church, Cambridge, Mass., Wednesday and Thursday, May 1 and 2, 1907, beginning at 2 P.M. Wednesday and closing Thursday afternoon.

The Workers' Meeting will be held Wednesday morning, May 1 at 10 A.M.

Simple meals will be served in the Church at twenty-five cents a plate. Lodging and breakfast for all delegates from a distance. All delegates desiring such entertainment should apply before April 20 to Mrs. R. G. Adams, 42 Trowbridge Street, Cambridge, Mass. As most of the delegates can reach home after the close of the meeting Thursday afternoon, entertainment will be provided for one night only unless it is distinctly stated in the application that entertainment is desired for two nights.

HATTIE A. MANLEY, Clerk.

COME to the Annual Meeting at Old Cambridge, May 1st and 2nd. We are to have a full and excellent program. Miss Blocker and Dr. Sale for the Negroes, Miss Conaway for the Italians, Gov. Brady for Alaska, Rev. Bruce Kinney for the Mormons, Rev. E. E. Chivers, D. D. for Indians, and Rev. Frank Goodchild, upon immigration, and other missionary workers, besides addresses upon topics pertaining to the executive part of the work. Each Association should send its Director and pay her traveling expenses.

MANY hearts will be saddened as they read of the death of Mrs. Amanda Miller Coleman, which occurred at her home in Huntington, W. Virginia. Her funeral was held in the Sixteenth Street Baptist Church of Huntington, upon March 25th. Mrs. Coleman has been in many of our homes, and she was gladly welcomed to our churches. She was a remarkable woman, and her loss to her people will be irreparable. To her husband and son we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

THE delay of April Echoes was not the fault of the Editor, but of the printer. With the May number a new printer will take the paper, and we hope it will be on time hereafter.

JACKSON College, Jackson, Miss., is well supplied with bedding. No more will be needed for some time. Do not forget that Florida Baptist Academy, Jacksonville, Florida is in need of bedding. Also Coleman Academy, Gibsland, La.

DURING the past month Mrs. Annie Preston of Willington, Director of the Ashford Association, Connecticut, and Mrs. T. A. Perkins of Norwich, Connecticut, have passed through deep sorrow. After months of suffering Mr. Perkins passed away early in April. Mr. Preston has been an invalid for many years, and his death was not unexpected. We remember our sisters in their bereavement.

DID you ever know a saloon to improve — a boy's scholarship, a girl's modesty, a woman's purity, a man's ability, a neighbor's helpfulness, a citizen's honesty, a neighbor's quiet, a town's cleanliness, a party's integrity, a government's strength? If not, why do you keep them in your town?"

Abbie Ben Adams

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

Abbie Ben Adams, may her life be spared,
Awoke one night and felt a trifle scared
For on her shirt-waist box, cross-legged, sate
A Vision writing on a little slate.
Exceeding nervousness made Abbie quake.
And to the Vision timidly she spake;
"What writest thou?" The Vision looked appalled
At her presumption, and quite coldly drawled:
"The list of Our Best People who depart
For watering-places sumptuous and smart."
"And am I in it?" asked Miss Abbie. "No,"
The scornful Vision said. "You're poor, you know."
"I know," said Abbie: "I go where it's cheap:
I can't afford mountains or prices steep.
But, ere you leave, just jot this item down,—
I never leave my cats to starve in town."
The Vision wrote, and vanished. Next night, late,
He came again, and brought his little slate,
And showed the names of people really best,
And, lo Miss Abbie's name led all the rest.

Peruna

[The "*Union Signal*" for March 28 has a timely article with the title, "What is Peruna?" We see this medicine extensively advertised in many daily newspapers, and in some religious periodicals. We glean a few facts from this article.]

IN August, 1905, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs at Washington sent a letter to all Indian agents instructing them that the sale of Peruna to Indians was absolutely prohibited. The reason assigned was: "As an intoxicant it has been found too tempting and effective."

In November, 1905, the Internal Revenue Department published a circular in which Peruna was declared to be an intoxicating beverage and not a medicine.

In Maine, during that same year, considerable quantities of Peruna were seized and destroyed with other intoxicating liquors unlawfully sold in that state. In New York and some other states, excise commissioners sent out rulings that Peruna must not be sold without liquor license.

Then the Peruna manufacturers undertook to change their "medicine" enough to evade the internal revenue tax, and to escape the excise rulings, so that the New York Board of Excise some months ago found "some drugs and some iodine matters," but the percentage of alcohol about the same as before.

But what do we find Peruna to be now? The report of the pure food commissioner of North Dakota for 1906 gives on page 157 an analysis of it as now upon the market: "Alcohol by volume 21.25 per cent total solids 3.846 per cent ash, .158 per cent.' The rest is water. But now for the 'laxative' which Dr. Hartman said in his advertisements last summer had been added to his 'valuable medicine, by request of many of its friends,' (of the Internal Revenue Department, for instance): The report says, 'The only thing of a medicinal nature that we could find in this preparation appeared to be a small amount of senna combined with a bitters of some kind.'

It will be remembered that a New York jury after a lengthy trial declared that 'old' Peruna was not a fit preparation for the cure of catarrh what would they say of the new preparation? Has senna ever been known before as a catarrh cure? If it were not sad to know how the sick and poor are defrauded, it would be intensely ludicrous to see how easily a man can dupe the public if he can pay for space in the newspapers."

PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH acknowledged in Washington that he was breaking both human and divine laws, and that he proposed to continue in this lawless course. Mr. Smith and several apostles of the church were pardoned for their past offences and granted amnesty by Presidents Cleveland and Harrison, on their covenanting to obey the laws against "unlawful cohabitation." These solemn pledges have been shamelessly broken, the laws of the State of Utah have been trodden under foot, the commands of God have been violated. What a singular spectacle is presented by these supposed representatives of the Almighty breaking His laws and yet claiming to be in daily communication with Him

TWO GRAY HILLS MISSION, CROZIER, N. M., March 9, 1907.

My dear Mrs. Reynolds:—The beautiful sunshiny days continue with now and then a rainy day, just enough to keep the Navajoes cheerful about their next summer's crop.

The Indians are now working on the dam, trying to save the water from the melting snow, to use for their summer crops. At this moment one of our Navajo women is in our kitchen baking biscuits for the workmen. I am helping and writing letters while the biscuits bake.

The attendance at Sunday service is not quite so heavy, as the men are away working. We hope those at the dam will come tomorrow. Those who come seem interested. One "Medicine Man" told Mr. Thayer after a Sunday afternoon service, "If you talk nice like this to us we will come to hear you." Another said, "Sometimes we can't come because we are busy and live so far, but don't think it is because we don't want to. Some say they love Jesus and are trying to do what He wishes them to do. One young man asked Mr. Thayer to remember him in prayer.

Rachael, of whom I wrote you, is growing worse. Susie and I rode twenty-five miles over mountain road trying to find her, to tell her the story of Jesus. But night was coming on and we did not know the exact place so had to return. Susie will go horseback as soon as the horses can be spared.

I will give a summary of the work done. You will notice that fewer garments have been given, but more made by us or the Navajoes themselves, they furnishing material. I think it should be so, for we want to teach them to help themselves.

Two barrels and two boxes came since March first.

The following is a summary of the work for February:

Indian Calls	448
Calls at Hogans	4
Food to Indians	125
Clothes	39
Medicine	76
Blocks for quilts	31

Susie and I made for mission:

7 child's vests.
2 comforts and tacked them.
2 dozen white handkerchiefs for rubbing eyes.
1 child's dress.
1 child's skirt.

Made for Indians or helped make:

10 dress skirts.
2 drawers.
3 skirts.
2 comforts. They furnishing materials.
Spent ten hours on language.
Helped with eight religious services.

We love our work more and more as the days go by, and are earnestly praying that souls may be saved.

Sincerely yours,

IDA THAYER.

"THE men who have brought things to pass have been men of strong wills. At the age of fifty-six Sir Walter Scott owed $600,000. He said, "The debt must be paid." His pen caught the power of his will and the debt was paid."

Elk Creek Mission

IN sending her Annual Report, Mrs. G. W. Hicks of Elk Creek regrets that she has not given a better sketch of her twenty years' work among the Blanket Indians. She says her vocabulary is very much limited because she has lived so long outside of civilization, but she is grateful to her Master for allowing her to work so long for Him among the Indians.

Mr. and Mrs. Hicks began their work in 1887, and only those who have followed them and visited them from time to time, know the self-sacrificing service these faithful missionaries have performed. Many souls have been won for the Master through their labors.

In January, 1902, while attending the Indian Association at Taupa, Oklahoma Territory, we were detained in a little town for several hours by the severe rains which had washed away the rail-road. It was intensely hot, and the afternoon sun beat pitilessly upon the roof of the little station. The waiting room was crowded with men, women and many children, who were on their way to new homes. There was no luncheon to be obtained, and the water was warm and insipid. One gentlemen seemed different from most of the people. As the day drew near its close, we learned that this man was from Wisconsin, and was on his way to Hobart to look after land in which he was interested. As we had missionaries in Hobart we ventured to ask him if he had ever heard of Mr. and Mrs. Hicks. "Oh, yes," was his reply, "during my first visit to the territory five years ago, I went with a friend to inspect some land. A sudden cold storm overtook us, and we were enveloped in a fog upon the prairie and the night coming on. We did not dare move forward, so we lifted up our voices and shouted, not knowing whether any one was near enough to hear. Soon we saw a dim light in the distance and Mr. Hicks came to meet us with a lantern. He guided us to his home, and although it was late at night a hot supper was provided, and we had a comfortable bed. We spent Sunday with these missionaries. I am not a professing Christian, but I have never forgotten that Christian home. It was such a contrast to most of the places called homes, then in Oklahoma Territory. Their work among the Indians has been wonderfully blessed. I have had business dealings with Lone Wolf and find him a Christian through and through. The people among the Blanket Indians of Hobart are what they are through the work of Mr. Hicks and his excellent wife."

Such a tribute as this from a non-Christian man shows that our workers have been busy, laying strong foundations in character. Never mind the vocabulary, dear Mrs. Hicks. "He that winneth souls is wise."

"SIX o'clock A. M.—I, Edward Irving, promise by the grace of God, to have mastered all the words in Alpha and Beta before eight o'clock. Later, Eight o'clock A. M.,—I, Edward Irving, by the grace of God, have done it.' These two statements were written on his Greek Lexicon."—*Selected*

The New Arizona

[One of our editorial writers, now visiting Arizona, writes thus to friends at headquarters concerning the then and now of that interesting part of the southwest.—EDITOR.]

ARIZONA is doing things. Not the same things it was doing twenty-five or even ten years ago, when its very name stood for lawlessness and for wild revels, in which whisky, cards, sulphurous language and revolvers were equally conspicuous. Once the land of the "bloody trail," where the United States and Mexico carried on exterminating warfare with the Indians, and pioneer empire builders were massacred daily by revengeful savages, it is to-day a land of fertile farms prosperous ranches, irrigation canals, dividend-paying mines churches, schools and good laws.

The Navajo brave, the fierce Apache warrior, is tamed. He works for wages, wears sweat-shop clothes instead of paint and feathers—less picturesque, but also less terrifying—and condescends, on rare occasions, to load his own back as well as his squaw's. The tomahawk has given place to the plowshare, the poisoned arrow to the pick and shovel, his children go to school and he lives at peace even with the Mexican.

No wildness and woolliness for the Arizonian of these later days True, the "cow-puncher" and the rough rider are still territorial institutions. Brewery Gulch and Lone Dog saloon are still in evidence as reminders of other days—vestigial remains at is were—but bowie knife and bandit are now a part of old-folk lore. To-day a man may be fined for carrying a "gun." The prize fight has vanished, and the gambler is no more. On February 1, by municipal ordinance, gambling was stopped in the city of Phœnix. On April 1, by legislative act, it stops throughout the territory.

Arizona is struggling with the liquor problem, of course—toiling up the road towards prohibition. It is now at the High License crossing. Road houses and low groggeries are abolished women are not allowed to frequent saloons or to enter wine rooms. A prohibition mining camp is no longer an anomaly, and the time seems to be coming when the territory will do as much for its white citizens as the nation does for its red men—when the dwellers of the farm house, of the cabin, of the city home, will be as well protected from inroads of the liquor traffic as are the dwellers of the tepee. Judging from the direction in which public opinion is blowing down here. Arizona will ere long come into the sisterhood of states a prohibition commonwealth.—*Irwin Signal.*



COMPANY COMING TO A NEGRO CABIN



SPELMAN SEMINARY IN THE EARLY DAYS.

My dear Mrs. Reynolds:—Do you think you would be interested in a newcomer's impressions of Spelman? Only as a newcomer can I speak for it was in the middle of January that I came to Spelman to teach Miss Goddard's classes. Moreover, I was a stranger to the institution; I knew almost nothing of its work and its management. And since I had never lived in a community in which there were negro women and had never worked with them, I did not know exactly what to expect. The work and the life at a Pennsylvania Normal School and at a co-educational college in the same state were my only standards of reference.

Naturally, the material side of Spelman impressed me first. The large campus free from "trash" and full of a great variety of trees, shrubs, and flowers the numerous, comfortable, well-equipped buildings, scrupulously clean, even in a dirty city and especially the hospital. In this building I spent the nights of my first week here. Such an air of quietness and peace pervaded it that I could not help feeling rested whenever I entered it. After visiting its kitchen, wards, and operating room, I began to realize what Spelman must mean not only to its pupils but also to all who enter its hospital.

The material side of Spelman I saw; there were other things I felt. The atmosphere of earnest work, the purpose underlying this work, the orderliness and prompt obedience of the girls, their cheerfulness and courtesy, and cordiality and devotion of the teachers, though not visible were none the less real to me.

But only part of the story would be told if I were to say nothing of the singing. It was in the hospital that I heard the first song. The nurses had held a prayer meeting and at its close they sang "I want to be a Christian in my heart." The full, rich voices, many of them alto, the simple, earnest words made me, too, want to be a truer heart-Christian. This effect was repeated and strengthened when I first heard the whole school sing the same hymn. I cannot describe it; you must hear it sung by negroes in order to appreciate it fully. It is true that the Spelman girls sing everything well, that their voices harmonize beautifully, but it is in their old time hymns that they are at their best. With what a will and what a volume they sing them. How full and clear their notes ring out. How soft and sweet at times, how low and pathetic at others. There seems to me to be an unconcious, sweet sadness in their voices. Once heard, it is never forgotten.

Something more than the beautiful music can be felt in Spelman chapel. Even a stranger spending a half hour there any school day morning or an hour on Sunday afternoon, is aware of the quiet, reverent spirit. There is no whispering, no fidgetting, no audible leafing of hymn books, nothing but reverence. This spirit is present also at the weekly prayer meetings held in the various halls. It is present in the dining room during devotions every Saturday and Sunday morning. Doubtless this spirit is the result of the lesson Miss Giles repeatedly and continually makes very plain and clear, namely that only Christian character and the love of God expressing itself in love to men are worth while.

Of the actual school work being done in Spelman I have seen very little because, as teacher of the Spelman College girls, my time is spent at Atlanta Baptist College buildings, where they recite with the young men. My work there has been very pleasant and interesting. There, too, there is a spirit of work. The men apparently are attending college not because they are sent, but because they want an education. Although the subjects I teach, Latin, Greek and German, are not the ones you would expect the negro to be proficient in, yet the majority of the students do good, honest, thorough work, and a few, work above the ordinary. All are earnest, industrious, attentive, and courteous. Many a day I think that the Atlanta Baptist College men could give lessons in politeness to more than one Northern college man.

Spelman is a splendid place to visit if you want reasons for counting your blessings and finding them more than you ever dreamed you had. Though some of the girls have sad stories and many of them have been deprived of what we count most precious,—home, parents, and pure home influences, yet they are trying to improve their present opportunities, often with a result that puts the rest of us to shame

MARY MONTFORT MOLL.

WATERS NORMAL INSTITUTE, WINTON, N. C.,
March 20, 1907.

This being my first year here as a teacher, I am unable to compare the work of this school year with that of any former year but from the information gained from the other teachers, I feel safe, to say that no previous year has surpassed this in real earnest work on the part of both teachers and students. Special attention has been paid to Bible and moral training and plain sewing. Bible lessons and plain sewing are taught daily except Fridays. Most of the girls take to sewing with a great deal of interest, as a result, many neat little models have been completed by them. The course that is taught is similar to the course taught at Shaw and Hampton. The work might be done more efficiently if our means were not so limited.

Our dormitory room has not been sufficient to accommodate comfortably all who have come to us. Three girls have been stored away in the majority of the rooms. Notwithstanding some have gone home, we still have ninety-four boarders.

Although a great part of the winter has been cold and disagreeable, the health of the student body has been excellent.

We are grateful for the blessings that have come to us and the success that has come to our work.

ADDIE L. HALL.

Mather School

WE are justly proud of our New England teachers who are giving their lives for the elevation of the negro. We mention with peculiar satisfaction in this issue of ECHOES, Mather School, Miss S. E. Owen, Principal, Miss L. K. Kinsman, Vice-Principal. This school is situated among the poorest class of negroes upon the sea islands. Because of their poverty they have for many years been given clothing and much of their food. When Miss Owen and Miss Kinsman took up the work they felt that the time had come to teach the people self-support, so when clothing was sent from the North, a small price was put upon it, or it was exchanged for work or produce. Soon the teachers found it necessary to have a separate house which they called the "pow-wow or sale house." People soon began to come in from miles around, and potatoes, vegetables and chickens filled the larder, while clothing from the barrels went into the hands of the negro. The school has been crowded this year, and a new building is imperatively needed. As the school and its property is in the hands of the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, at their request Dr. Sale, Supt. of Negro Education for the American Baptist Home Mission Society went to Beaufort to look over the ground. At his suggestion the Society will erect a modest building for dormitories and class rooms. Besides providing for the needs of the school, and paying all bills, from the sale of clothing during the past two years and a half, these thrifty teachers have $1,400.00 in the bank toward the new building. This shows enterprise and business ability. Miss Owen and Miss Kinsman ask for some *good barrels*, shoes, skirts, coats, anything and everything is eagerly taken by the people. Do *not send poor barrels*. Things that are only fit for the rag-bag are too far gone to be of use in Beaufort.



"SALE HOUSE," MATHER SCHOOL

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

Arkansas Baptist College:—We have about 150 (one hundred fifty) boarders, including young men and young women. These are taught the literary branches from the Grammar school grades through a moderate college course. They are also taught or trained in several industrial branches, viz: agriculture, horticulture, carpentry, cabinet making, furniture repairing, and printing for boys; basketry, millinery, dressmaking, cooking and general household duties for girls.

We rise at 5 A.M., breakfast at 6.30, then each pupil goes about his or her duty. At 8.30 we assemble in our chapel for devotions. 9 A.M. finds each class in its respective classroom. My time is given to the supervision of the work for the girls and the care of the girls. After devotion I inspect the work of the private rooms and give instruction in needlework and household work.

We have not had a very severe winter, but we will be glad when the beautiful spring approaches.

I am sometimes very discouraged concerning the Race Question, but I pray and trust in the Lord, who is able to do all things.

FRANCES A. HILL.

SACRAMENTO, March 14, 1907.

My dear Mrs. Reynolds:—Your notice requesting my report reached me this morning, and I have laid everything aside to attend to it, will send it in the same mail with this letter, hoping it will reach you in time.

On my way to the typewriter's I called to see Mrs. Nelson, who has been sick in bed for some time with a throat trouble, but is better and as weak as she is we have to almost scold her for wanting to try to go to the mission. "I want to see those dear boys," she says. The old boys she has taught so long have been to see her many times, but the ones she has not taught so long are more timid and as far as I know have never been in an American home. You ladies perhaps do not know that on the twenty-sixth day of next month Mrs. Nelson will be seventy-seven years of age. Is it not wonderful how God has preserved her health all these years, for I can only call to mind a very few times in all of these eighteen years that she has had to remain at home any length of time on account of sickness. We are still feeling the necessity of a new building, which must come if we branch out in more aggressive work. This I feel will come with time. I often think of the words in the song—"Not in your way, not in my way, but in His own way."

Oh, to learn the lesson of patience. This is my daily prayer.

Pray for us. That we may be wholly guided by Him for whom we work.

ELIZA WILLIS.

"WHILE the students at Andover were waiting for breakfast at a boarding house," said a lady, "the rest of the young men would stand chaffing each other, but Joseph Cook, if there were only a half minute to spare, would turn to the big dictionary in the corner of the room, and learn the synonyms of a word and search out its derivation."

International Committee of Women for Home Mission Conference

IN December last a company of women representing the Women's Home Missionary organizations of the different denominations met in New York City to consider the advisability of inaugurating one or more summer conferences in the interests of their work. There was a unanimous conviction that the time had fully come for such a step and the movement took shape under the name of the interdenominational Committee of Women for Home Mission Conferences. Four denominations were represented in the first meeting and others will be invited to join in the movement. The officers are as follows:

Chairman, Mrs George W. Coleman, 177 West Brookline street, Boston, Mass.; Vice-Chairman, Mrs. Ella Alexander Boole, 156 Fifth avenue, New York City, N. Y.; Secretary, Miss Miriam L. Woodberry, 607 Congregational House, Boston, Mass.; Treasurer, Mrs. Fred Smith Bennett, 28 Hillside avenue Englewood, N. J.

It was hoped that the first conference would be held in Northfield during the summer of 1907, but owing to a change in dates for all the Northfield conferences, no time was available for this season and the committee have therefore accepted a cordial invitation from the Young People's Missionary movement to hold their first conference at Silver Bay, Lake George, during the week July 12-19, 1907, in conjunction with the Conference on Sunday Schools and Missions.

Each morning there will be mission study classes for workers and also an hour given to methods of organization and work. In the evening there will be platform meetings devoted to addresses from missionaries, a part of these meetings being under the joint auspices of the two conferences.

EXPENSES.—A railroad rate of one and one-third fare has been granted.

All who attend the Conference will be accommodated at the hotel. $10.00 for the week, two in a room; $15.00 in single rooms.

As is customary in such Conferences, there will be a registration fee to provide for the expenses of the Conference.

The total expense for the week, including railroad fare board and registration may be estimated at $25.00 for those living in the vicinity of Boston.

The registration fee is $4.00 and admits to all the Home Mission Classes and to all classes and other exercises held jointly with the Conference on Sunday Schools and Missions This fee should be sent with the application for room to Mrs. M. C. Reynolds, 508 Tremont Temple, Boston, before July first.

Full information will also be furnished on application to Mrs. Reynolds.

Obstacles to Mission Work

THE Rev. Dr. Arthur J. Brown, Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions said recently in the course of his address on "What Foreign Missions are Doing":

"The worst of all obstacles is that which comes from Christian lands. Far in the interior of Laos I saw shops with long rows of bottles labeled 'Scotch Whiskey,' 'French Brandy,' and 'Austrian Beer.' In Bangkok I read the English sign 'Place for drinking of the delightful juice.' Near the Silliman Institute, where we are teaching Filipino boys, there is a building bearing the infamous inscription, 'American Saloon.' That was a great day on which Congress passed the law forbidding any American to sell 'intoxicants, opium, or firearms in any island of the Pacific not governed by a civilized power.' Why in islands only? If it is wrong and preventable by law to debauch the Pacific islanders, why is it not wrong and preventable to debauch the Pacific continentals? Why should the streams of influence pouring into Asia and Africa from Christian nations be polluted by slime from the pit?"—*Homiletic Review.*

The Slaughter of the Innocents.

THE National Child Labor Committees makes appeal to thousands through the following statement in the illustrated magazines. In view of the increasing agitation against child labor and the possibilities of congressional legislation on the subject, the advertisement is worth quoting:

Two million children in this country are at work, while other children play and go to school.

Two million sacrificed to greed.

Ten thousand boys from nine to thirteen years old work in coal breakers.

Seventy-five hundred children work in the glass factories. Hundreds of them work all night.

Sixty thousand little children toil in the Southern cotton mills.

Little girls eight years old work through a twelve-hour night.

The truth is, these child victims are working for us. They are working for me. They are working for you.

From *Missionary Review of the World.*

ALFRED MOSELEY, the British educator who spent some time in this country investigating our educational institutions, states in a letter to the London Times:

"I wish to record that I see signs of a serious danger in the future if the ruthless extravagance of the people of the United States is to continue unchecked, and her prosperity is leading to an even worse feature than her extravagance—viz., inefficiency and corruption.

"There are signs of everything becoming slipshod, work inefficiently performed and badly finished, everything overdone and overcrowded; and, above all, every body appears in too great a hurry, so that in the race for success and wealth many of the former good characteristics of the country are disappearing.

"The nations of the world may be growing richer, but unless honesty and realization of the responsibilities of wealth are to accompany this material progress, we are better without it."—Selected.

When Bobby went to Meeting

BY JULIA P. DEANE.

"Bring them in, bring them in,
Bring the wandering ones to Jesus."

BOBBY, cold damp, miserable, calling papers on the corner, stopped to listen to the song. Its hearty invitation made the shivery world seem a little warmer, a trifle less friendless and homeless, and he crept nearer to the sound. The door of the church opened to admit a newcomer, and the glimpse of light and comfort tempted the lad to venture in and hide back of the big heater.

"Bring them in, bring them in,
Bring them in from the fields of sin;
Bring them in, bring them in,
Bring the sinful ones to Jesus,"

sang the people of the First church. "Say! I wonder if they mean it," thought the boy, as he snuggled nearer the heater. "I wonder if they honest mean it—what they're sayin' in that song—about bringin' of 'em in. It's a fine place to be brought ter, and I'd like mighty well to know who Jesus is. Say! I wonder if it could mean folks like dad—if they'd do anything ter give him a lift."

On they sang through the five verses—it was a cheery song for a rainy night and the First church people like the hearty, simple refrain:

"Bring them in, bring them in,
All who are lost in the ways of sin;
None too vile, and none too frail,
His healing power will never fail,
Bring the helpless ones to Jesus."

"They'd never keep it up this long if they didn't mean it fer sure," mused Bobby. "Seein' as the landlord's turned us out, and there ain't any place fer him but jest the saloon—he might get to be a man again if he'd half a chance, and a place like this here to get a start. Say—I'm going to give it a try."

And out of the door, into the cold, wet night, hurried the boy.

The benediction had been said, and the people of First church were preparing to leave, when the door was pushed open, and a ragged, rain-soaked boy boldly entered, dragging after him the almost helpless figure of a man much the worse for liquor.

"What's this? What's this?" asked one of the men severely. "Guess you've got into the wrong place, my boy."

Bobby took one quick look round the room, then shook his head decidedly, as he tried with his small strength to brace the wretched man by his side. "No,—the place's all right—it's the same; but say, yer ain't agoin' away and close it up, are yer—for I've brought him in, as yer said to."

"What is this? Brought who in?" It was the kindly voice of the pastor, as he drew near to the boy.

"All of yees—in the singin' yer said to bring 'em in, the no 'count folks, who ain't done the straight thing. Anyhow, that's the way it sounded, and so I jest brought him along like yer said, to that Jesus as you said in the song would fix him up. Ain't it straight—that there song?"—and the lad looked wistfully into the pastor's face.

"Tell me about it, my boy," said the man gently. "Is he your father?"

"Yes, he is my dad, and someway he got on the wrong track, and ma, she tried to set him right till she got tired and died, and then sister Liz she tried till she got hurt—and went to the hospital—pa wasn't himself when he did it—and then jest I've been tryin', but 'tain't no kind of use, and there ain't no place now fer him to stay, ter get a start—and there ain't nobody what cares, and then I heard you folks a singin' ter bring 'em in—folks like him, and somebody what lives here would take 'em in hand—Jesus was the name, wasn't it—say, don't he live here?"

The stupid man the boy supported now dropped heavily on the floor. "'Tain't no use, Bob," he said, "yer pa can't help it—nobody cares—let's go back to Pete's and get nuther drink—that'll make it all right."

But the pastor's strong arm had lifted the man, and helped him to the cushioned pew. Then he turned to the silent, serious group about him.

"Brothers, sisters, what do you think of the boy's question? 'Doesn't Jesus live here,' in this very place? It comes pretty near home, doesn't it? And if he did live here, what would he do just now, on this rainy, cold night, with this poor fallen father and his faithful son? Men, women, let's help Bobby save his father, no matter what the cost!"

Bobby and Bobby's father never went back to Pete's for another drink, neither that night nor the nights which followed; and their voices may be heard each week, as they mingle with other voices in sending out upon the street the invitation:

"Bring them in, bring them in,
Bring the wandering ones to Jesus."

—*Zion's Advocate.*

Casa Grande River

[In the *Boston Transcript* of March 30, 1907 was an exceedingly interesting article upon the Casa Grande River. We give the following extract.]

IN the heart of the Southwest, in a region formerly forsaken by whites and little frequented by Indians, lie the traces of an ancient city buried by desert sands. Many tumbled walls smoothed flat with the burning plain are marked, grave like, by the still remnants of a building. In the Gila Valley, Ariz., this lone ruin, christened the Casa Grande by the Spaniards of the Territory, has since October been the object of investigations, under a special appropriation of Congress, by an archæological expedition of the Smithsonian Institution.

The Casa Grande is twelve miles from the Santa Fe system of railroads and eighteen miles from the Southern Pacific—an easy trip across the desert from Florence, Ariz. It has furnished material for much surmise and recently for actual scientific investigation—surmise dating back as far as the gold-seeking invasion of Coronado in 1540.

The ruin has been brought three times to the attention of our national legislative body. It lies upon public lands and is therefore under national control. Early, however, it paid the price of many valuable relics by suffering from the too devoted attention of souvenir hunters. About fifteen years ago Congress recognized its importance by appropriating $2,000 for its repair and preservation—following upon private explorations which at the time aroused much general interest. Victor Mindeleff, archæologist, was sent to supervise the construction of a guard against the wear of the elements, and a custodian was appointed to protect it against too curious sightseers. Last year Casa Grande again brought an appropriation—this time $3,000, and for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1908, a like sum has been granted.

It is An "American Pompeii," an Object-Lesson for Students of History.



The American Baptist Home Mission Society

Editorial Notes

MISSIONARY CLEVENGER, who is obliged to leave the work in Alaska after many years of service, makes a strong appeal for that field. He recognizes the difficult character of the work and the apparent small results of considerable outlays, but says that if the denominational societies withdraw, the present bad conditions will become steadily worse, and the influence of Alaska upon the general government will be harmful. In this he is unquestionably right. A vicious community anywhere in the United States is harmful to every other community. It does not matter if the evil be in a far-off corner. The world is small in these days, and the same truth holds good internationally. Humanity is interested in all humanity. Alaska is not to be neglected without peril.

THE Negro Baptists have made hearty response to the appeal of the Home Mission Society for special contributions in order to wipe out its debt, and have evinced deep appreciation of the work which has been done to educate leaders for them since the Civil War. Out of their comparatively slender resources they have given. Our schools especially have shown the spirit that is in them. Gratitude is not a lost quality. It certainly is one of the most stimulating to renewed effort in behalf of the grateful.

THE Nuovo Leon Baptist Association of Mexico sent $100 as an offering to the Home Mission Society. Pastor Treviño, one of our most talented missionaries, writes that "it was gladly voted to send this small amount now that the Society is trying to close its seventy-fifth year without debt." When the resources of our mission churches in Mexico are taken into account, a like generosity on the part of churches generally in this country would not only have wiped out the debt but started off the next year with the handsomest kind of a surplus. All honor to the Baptists of the Nuovo Leon district.

EIGHTEEN new synagogues in New York in the past five years indicate the extent to which the Jews are monopolizing Manhattan Island. This explains in part why there are fewer Protestant churches in the same district than there were five years ago. At the same time, one of the most serious missionary problems in all of our large cities is how to maintain evangelical churches, adapted to the environment whether American or foreign, in what are known as the downtown sections, from which the former church members have removed. The cities demand increasing thought and activity. The fact of their steady enlargement and domination raises the gravest problems of the century.

WILL to serve finds a way. A woman in Cincinnati, sending for some missionary literature, adds this postscript, which has too much suggestion and illumination in it to be confined to the editorial sanctum: "I might mention that I am 'bureau of intelligence' in our church, as I am an invalid and unable to do any active work. I deem it a great privilege to work even by proxy. So I am greedy for information." Out of that "shut-in" room goes forth rich blessing, we may be sure. The example may commend itself to other "shut-ins." What could be more useful in the church than such a "bureau of intelligence?"

SHALL we ever escape the financial pressure and anxiety and emergency at the end of the fiscal year? We certainly shall, if we live to see the millenium. Systematic beneficence, we may be sure, will be the order then. And why not introduce something of the millenium now? If each member of the church would begin now a regular giving to church and missions, so much a week, fixing the proportions rightly, allowing the right percentage to the general societies and the women's work, with a small margin for miscellaneous, then the income would be regular and the societies would be spared the annual wonder, worry and expense. Of course that "if" is the difficulty. You never can count on "each member," so long as weak human nature continues to exist. What we can do, however—that is, you and I—is to give systematically ourselves, and then by precept and example seek to induce others to company with us in the matter. Half a dozen women in a church could do much to improve the situation in respect to missionary giving. Why not be one to try it?

JUST to leave in His dear hand
Little things,
All we cannot understand,
All that stings,
Just to let Him take the care,
Sorely pressing,
Finding all we let Him bear,
Changed to blessing.

Mission Work at the Mines

It was the editor's privilege a little while ago to make a short journey to the mining regions of eastern Pennsylvania, where the peculiar underground work creates a peculiar environment. The region is full of foreign-speaking peoples. All through the anthracite section, with Scranton, Pittston and Wilkesbarre as prominent centers, you meet the foreign question at every turn. There are the Slavs and Italians, with the remnants of the English, Welsh and Irish, who once were in control. The Baptists are trying to do something to reach the foreign peoples. The First Church in Scranton, Rev. J. S. Wrightnour, pastor, has taken a special interest in developing missions, and under the auspices of the Home Mission Society and State Convention there are a number of missionaries earnestly engaged. Miss Armstrong is doing a most useful work, and we are fortunate in our leaders among the Slavic people. What drew the writer to the Wyoming Valley was the dedication at West Pittston of the first building set apart to general work among the Slavs by the Pennsylvania State Convention. The mission has been solidly established by the heroic efforts of Miss Rosalind V. Runyan, seconded by the State Secretary, Rev. C. H. Soars, and the West Pittston pastor and young people. Public indifference has been overcome by the results achieved, and now there is a neat concrete building, which affords room for a varied work, including boys' club and girls' cooking class, kindergarten, gymnasium, and all sorts of exercises. To see the children, mostly Lithuanians, that have been gathered together is to recognize the need and value of the service. The new building contrasts favorably with the best in its neighborhood, and the people for whom it has been erected are proud of it, and devoted to the young leader who is doing so much to elevate the life around her. This mission represents a type of effort that must be undertaken on a large scale if the foreign population is to be evangelised. The people are here, accessible, needy. What will our Christian churches do for them?

Crow Indians

INDIAN COMMISSIONER LEUPP is an admirable man for his important place. He is deeply interested in the welfare of the Indians, and we are glad to know that he is encouraged in his efforts to make the Indian self-supporting and self-respecting. The Commissioner's policy is wise and Christian. He believes that the Indian must be made an active factor in the upbuilding of the community in which he is going to live. To this end he established an employment bureau, and in one season over six hundred Indians found employment by means of this agency. Thousands of Indians hitherto idle and shiftless have actually supported themselves by labor instead of depending upon the government rations. Commissioner Leupp has faith in the Indian and intends to give him a chance. He recognizes the benefits of our missions. Not since General Morgan's day has the department been administered so thoroughly in the red man's favor.

A few Shoshone and Sioux Indians were visiting the Crows recently and one of our members brought them to the morning service. We had a blessed meeting. One of the Sioux was a "Jesus man" and gave a "strong talk." Here are the testimonies:

Thunder Elk (Sioux)—"I belong to Presbyterian Church. Long ago I was a bad man. I hear Missionary tell, bout Jesus. My wife and I talk every day bout it long time. Bye and bye we go into Jesus road, now we glad and believe God. I like to see all the Crows walk in this road too."

Ello Meat—"Jesus helps me every day. He helps me to be good and strong."

White Arm—"The Crows do not understan' bout God, they doin bad things all the time. Two years ago I see Oklahoma Indians; they know Jesus and always happy. If the Crows be like that they much better people. God knows I'm goin cut off somethin bad. He surely be glad when I do."

The Washington Program of the American Baptist Home Mission Society.

SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING, MAY 20, 21, 1907.

MONDAY FORENOON.

9:30 Devotional Service.
9:45 President's Address. Hon. W. S. Shallenberger, Washington.
10:00 Report of Executive Board.
10:20 Treasurer's Report.
10:30 Address: Seventy-five Years' Work of the Society, H. L. Morehouse, D.D., Cor. Sec'y.
11:20 General consideration of the subject and other matters.
12:10 Adjourn.

MONDAY AFTERNOON.

2:15 Devotional Services.
2:30 General consideration of the following subjects:
On what Features of Home Mission Work Should Most Emphasis Now be Laid?
Discussion opened by Rev. S. Z. Batten, of Nebraska, Chairman of Committee on Work for Students in Colleges and Universities.
Representatives from Cuba and Porta Rico will be present.

MONDAY NIGHT.

7:45. Devotional Service.
8:00 Address:—
The Society's Work for the Negroes from a Southern Point of View. Dr. S. C. Michell, Va.
8:40 Stereopticon views illustrative of the Society's seventy five years' work. Rev. H. B. Grose, N. Y.

TUESDAY FORENOON.

9:30 Devotional Services.
9:45 General Business.
10:00 Election of Officers.
10:20 Address:
"The Making of a Christian Nation." Rev. E. Holyoke, R. I.
11:00 General consideration of the subject and other matters.
12:10 Adjourn.

Advice to the Shaw Students



HEN Dr. Lyman Abbott was in Raleigh, N. C., he paid a visit to Shaw University, as guest of President Meserve, and was deeply interested in what he saw of the workings of this live institution. In his chapel address Dr. Abbott said he doubted if any race in all history has made such progress as the negro race during the last half century. He told the students that in the future movements they and other students were to be the leaders of their race. To lead, they must first of all be identified with the people they were to lead. He illustrated this by saying that a locomotive must be attached to the train and stand on the same track. As ideal leaders of their people he cited Moses, who left the palace of Pharoah to lead his race, and William of Orange, whom he characterized as one of the first men the world had produced, who preferred to serve his people to taking a place among princes. "Never allow your better opportunity or better education to separate you from your people," he said, and enumerated as the other essentials of leadership the power to see in the future—to have a vision of where you are going devotion to home and its uplifting to carry the vision into execution and put it into practice to have persistent purpose and never to weary in the work undertaken, and to have faith in God and faith in man.

Referring to the song the students had sung, "I don't want to be like Judas," and "I want to be like Jesus," Dr. Abbott said if dreaming and singing were all every one would be a leader. "It is not enough to sing. You must be ready to go out into life and be crucified. That's bravery. There comes the pinch of life. When we come to do the common place things of life we fail to do what we know we should do. We are like the locomotive I came on from Greenville, S. C. It left fifteen minutes late, then it lost an hour, and then it waited and waited and waited. We were told that the coal was poor and the engine was out of steam. Engineer and crew knew where they were going, but they didn't keep up steam, and failed. Too many people fail because they don't keep up steam.

"Success in life is in overcoming difficulties. There are two sorts of men: 1. Those who see the difficulty and want to evade it. 2. Those who see the difficulty and want to conquer it. It is this man who succeeds. He must have persistent purpose, too."

The last thing touched upon was faith in God and faith in man for equipment for leadership. "I don't know how a man can have faith in man and not have faith in God and I don't know how a man can have faith in God and not have faith in man. The two are interwoven and I cannot separate them. You cannot drop one without dropping the other."

"Sometimes," he said, "we sing 'God is marching on.' Don't live in the past. One man of himself can do very little. Here is a good motto:

"I do the little I can do
And leave the rest to God."

He believed we have talked too much about the gift of resignation and submission, while we needed the virtue of consecration. He paid a high tribute to the late John Hay, Secretary of State, whom he called one of the greatest diplomats the world has known.

The Forward Movement

BY REV. JOHN M. MOORE, SECRETARY



F the evangelization of America is to be effected as speedily and as fully as we wish, we must at once enlist the young people of our churches in the enterprise. And in addition to those who shall become missionaries on the frontier, or among the "aliens," or in the dark places of our great cities, or in the Southland, we must have a far larger number of those who are not called and perhaps not qualified to be missionaries, but to whom the missionary appeal shall come with no less power than to those who leave home to engage directly in Home Mission work. To few of us, doubtless, has it been made apparent that even though not permitted to be missionaries we may give our lives to missions with no less devotion and consecration. Perhaps we can serve the cause with even more efficiency, for the home end of our missionary problems to-day is most serious.

It is to meet this situation and afford these hundreds of thousands of young people who will never be missionaries an opportunity of linking themselves in a very definite way to the work of evangelizing our own land and other lands that "The Forward League" has been devised. It is commended to the prayerful consideration of all our Baptist Young People. It is no new organization. No new officers or meetings are contemplated. It is simply an enrollment. Those who enroll will be kept in touch with the work of our great general missionary organization, and will be shown how they can help to hasten the coming of the Kingdom. There is simply no limit to the possibilities of such a company of young people scattered in the churches all over the country, each feeling that in a very special sense he is linked to the work of Missions, and each a source and center of missionary information and interest. Such missionary helpers can find a thousand ways in which they may co-operate with the missionaries on the field and be real "fellow-workers for the truth."

Those who are interested in this movement should send at once to the Secretary of the Forward Movement, 312 Fourth avenue, New York, for a copy of the Bulletin of the Movement, just issued, and a Declaration of Purpose card.

Faith

Not in dumb resignation,
We lift our hands on high
Not like the nerveless fatalist
Content to do and die.
Our faith springs like the eagle,
Who soars to meet the sun,
And cries exulting unto thee,
O Lord, thy will be done.

Thy will! it bids the weak be strong
It bids the strong be just
No lip to fawn, no hand to beg,
No brow to seek the dust.
Wherever man oppresses man
Beneath the liberal sun,
O Lord, be there, thine arm made bare,
Thy righteous will be done.

—*John Hay.*

Mrs. Purdy's Parquisites

ONE day, some time since, we were summoned to the parlor to see a visitor who had sent up neither card nor name. As we entered the room, an undersized, wiry, active, elderly, quaint-looking woman rose to greet us. We were struck at once with the brightness of her dark, handsome eyes, and the russet redness of her thin brown cheeks. Her dress was of calico, starched and ironed to a miracle, and she wore an indescribable air of independent out-of-fashion-ness, which took our fancy at the start.

She was living on a ranch not a very great way from San Francisco. She was born in England, had come over to this country in her girlhood, had spent some years in Connecticut, had married in Pennsylvania, had tried her fortunes in the West, and had finally drifted to California—all of which we learned in the course of after conversation, and noted that her speech bore evidence of her wanderings. She stood for a moment confronting us, while she darted forth a keen look from under the great round hat which was tied down, Canada fashion, at the ears, and projected immensely fore and aft.

"Be you the woman that writes in the 'Pacific?'"

"I take charge of a missionary column in the 'Pacific,' for the Woman's Board. Won't you sit down?" The interview promised to be interesting.

She dropped suddenly into her chair, and revealed, as she did so, a good-sized covered basket, which stood by her side.

"Wall, now, I am mighty glad I have found you. My old man he takes the 'Pacific,' and I read it for my Sunday readin'—leastways your part of it partikelar, and very often permiskus, too. So I felt kind o' 'quainted with you like and thinks I to myself, the very fust time I go to San Francisker I'll take a run over to Hoakland, and see if I can make her out."

"I am very glad to see you—very glad you like our column so well: we want all our friends to like it."

"Wall, when you fust begun that column, all about missionaries and sich, it kind o' took me, and I determined I would do all I could to raise a little money. I've knocked 'round the world considerable myself though not doin' it for the heathen—which ain't sayin' I hain't never found none but that ain't neither here nor there. But I know by my own feelin's what it is to be in a strange country, and everything queer and homesick like—let alone the language, which must be powerful discouragin', especially if a body's hard to learn, which I don't s'pose the missionaries is, but some on 'em may be. We live on a ranch here away"—with a jerk of the head—"and my old man he's tolerably close and no wonder, bein' we've twice been burned out, and moved three times, and haven't no children to look arter us bimeby, and old age comin', if we live, and our sheep dyin' off the last year or two"—And she made a sudden halt, looking at us intently.

Here was evidently a warm heart—one that had learned sympathy for others by its own experience one that was too loyal, likewise, to cast reflection on any one else, while doing its own duty.

"I dare say," we replied, seeing that a reply was expected, and not knowing very well what else to say.

"Wall," she resumed, in a tone of good-natured toleration, "I knowed he had enough to see arter, and so I determined to raise what money I could myself, and give him no trouble about it. And, of course, I makes my own butter. So, arter that, when I churned, I puts away a little each time in a missionary jar, which I called Mexico, and we neither on us ever missed it; and arter awhile Mexico was full of butter, and we no wuss off. And bimeby I sold it, and put away the money. Says I to myself"—and a smile came into her eyes—"that's my parquisites. Everybody has parquisites in these days and why shouldn't I?"

"Which it was all the same about eggs. Says I to myself, 'Now, shall I parquisite two eggs out of every dozen, or two layin' hens?' And I concluded to preempt two young layin' hens, me namin' 'em Japan and Turkey. And bein' lonely like out there on the ranch, and no one to talk to, I convarsed with them as if they was folks. And I declare for't, I raly think they understood me for arter I had told them two or three times they was parquisite hens, and must lay accordin' and shouldn't have no excuse about grain and gravel, 'cause I would give 'em plenty of both, them two hens went to layin' to that degree that I couldn't have done better myself and they cut-cut-ca-da-cut-ed me out to them nests that much, and that regular, that it really seemed as if they had missionary on the brain. And they laid me forty dozen of eggs, did Japan and Turkey, last year, and I got two bits a dozen for 'em all round—which was pretty good parquisiting for two hens—and that money was put away with the furst,—do you see?" And she came to the usual sudden stop, and waited for us to speak.

"Certainly. What wonderful hens you must have."

"Yes, that was pretty good. And then there was my calf. My husband bein' so keen for money, of course we doesn't eat our own calves, but sells 'em. And one of our cows she had a calf that was a poor puny little creatur', and the butcher he wouldn't give nothin' for it, and my husband he said it would cost more'n it would come to, to raise it and he was for knockin' it on the head, and sellin' the skin, which I begged him not to do, and said I would raise it on skim-milk, which wasn't good for nothin' to nobody, if he would let me have it; and he said I might if I wanted to, and was a great fool for my pains. So I took it; and the rains came on, and I went missionaryin' out to the shed every mornin' and every evenin,' and hot milk to carry to it—which it almost sucked the end of my finger off larnin' to feed—and wet my feet and slipped down into puddles, and got rained on tremenjus, and had the rheumatism dreadful, me feelin' afraid all the time I shouldn't make nothin' of her, but determined to try. And after some months of such work she took a start.

"And the way that calf growed when she set about it beat all you ever see. And I named her 'Parquisite,' and shortened her into 'Parkie,' and she growed into a handsome heifer, and began to knob out on the forehead, and me a tellin' her how good lookin' she was gettin', and she a lookin' at me kind o' cur'us-like, as if she was thinkin' on it over, and runnin' after me whenever I come where she was, and a rubbin' her nose on my shoulder, and me a tellin' her how much butter she would be a givin' me bymeby, and what a stiddy hineome she would be for the missionaries; and one day a man rode up to the door, and jumped down from his horse.

"Wall, my husband he took him all over the ranch, and they looked at the wheat and the vineyard, and the fruit and the stock, and they looked at Parkie a long time, and seemed to be talkin' her over, and I was awful proud (great stupid!),

'cause I thought they was admirin' her. Then the man he staid outside, and my husband he came in, and went through the kitchen where I was, and says he, careless like: 'I'm thinkin' of sellin' the young heifer.' 'What young heifer?' says I, never thinkin' of nothin'; and says he, kind o' sharp like, 'The calf'; and says I, jumping up, 'What, my calf?' and says he, mighty scornful, 'Your calf! It's my calf, I'd have you know,' and then he went out to the man ag'n.

"I sot down and bu'st out cryin', My husband is awful sot, when he is sot, and I knew it wasn't no use to say nothin', and I just cried like a great baby; and with tears all runnin' down, I watched the man drive away my Parkie, and she a hangin' back, and he a whippin' her—and she never struck before in her life. And just then my husband came in, and says he, as if he was makin' up for all, 'You can have ten dollars of the money, if you want it'; and that made me mad. I didn't say nothin', but I just looked at him; and he didn't have no call to stay in that kitchen the rest of that day, I tell you. And I took on two or three days all by myself, and got mad every time he spoke or came a'near. And one day as I sot by the kitchen-table, with my work done up and a clean apron on, he walked in and threw a ten-dollar piece into my lap, and says he, 'There is the money I promised you'; which I caught and threw it right back at him, just as hard as I could, and it hit him and fell on the floor, and he laughed and went out milkin'.

"By that time I had got to be awful wicked, and I sot thinkin' to myself about St. Paul, and how he says Sarah obeyed Abraham, calling him lord. But we get the other side of that story in the Old Testament, which it is pretty easy seen how Abraham gave up to Sarah sometimes, and let her have her own way; and what would she have said if he had gone and sold her pet camel, I would like to know?

"Wall, the money laid on the floor three days, and me a sweepin' 'round it, and it seemed as if I couldn't tech it. Which at last I made myself go and pick it up, and put it with the rest of my parquisite money, and me a blubberin' while I did it. And may be it won't do no good to the missionaries, on account of so behavin'—which I did ask the Lord's pardon for gettin' mad over it, and hope to be forgiven.

"And here is the money," she said, suddenly, producing her purse; "and I hope you won't refuse it because I acted so. And if you have a mind to make me a life member with it, there will be some to spare." And she placed in my hand thirty dollars, in three shining gold pieces—the fruit of much toil and self denial. "And," said she, sinking her voice, and swiftly lifting up and uncovering her basket, "I want to know whether missionaries like hard-biled eggs? I have brought some down, and if you think them three lady missionaries would like 'em, I want you to send 'em to 'em. They'll keep, for I biled 'em myself fifteen minutes by the clock. And it would please Jap and Turkey most particklar if they could understand, and I shall tell 'em, and they're all I've got now to talk to, butter not bein' alive-like, and Parkie being' took away. And if I should tell 'em that their own eggs which they've cackled over is hard biled and sent to the lady missionaries, it would encourage 'em like, maybe. Which, if you can't send 'em to heathen lands, p'r'aps the Board would like 'em—least-ways the yolks, as many does who won't eat the whites."

As she spoke, she rapidly emptied her basket on the table near, and hurried away, leaving me gazing in a half-dazed condition at the pile of hard-boiled eggs, while I unconsciously held the shining ten-dollar gold pieces, her generous donation, clasped closely in my hand.—*Selected.*

Hopi Indians

THE Hopi Indians, among whom I labor now, are very much different in every way from the Cheyennes.

To begin with they have always cultivated the soil and raised corn and melons, sometimes going on foot five miles or more to their fields. If the Indians of Oklahoma could see these people bringing in corn, melons, squashes, onions, beans and chili from their fields and gardens in this desert land, they would be inspired to go to work and plant great fields of corn and vegetables on their fertile allotments.

How well, too, have they known the distress of a famine for there are sometimes years when there is no rainfall so they are always prepared for another siege. Their store rooms have an abundance of corn, dried corn, beans and other dried vegetables, and sometimes piki (a Hopi bread) is stored away in the walls of their kevas (underground club rooms). When the white people first helped them when their crops were short, they were afraid to eat the things that were given to them. They thought if they ate bacon they would have whiskers like the hair on a pig. When they first cooked rice they filled a kettle with it, and when it swelled up and run over on the stove, they scraped it up and threw it out and some were arfaid to eat it for fear they would swell up and die. They would not drink the first coffee they saw for fear it was the white man's black drink and would make their heads crazy. They are very fond of the three articles I have named, and use them whenever they are so fortunate as to get them, and some of them are even wondering why the white man will not let them have the black drink. As yet there are no Hopi men who drink but I fear the time may come when they will get it. They are afraid of it yet but some of them are talking about it.

A few of them have found joy in believing the gospel, but we have no church organization yet.

We are struggling to keep the old Hopi road out of the "Jesus Road," and I rejoice greatly when one of the Christian men said: "I am sure now that the old road the Hopi people are following is all a lie there is only one right road, and that is 'Jesus Road.'"—*Abigail Johnson.*

THE new missionary at Darlington, Oklahoma, Rev. J. B. Rounds, has started a little monthly paper, *The Indian Outlook*, from the March number of which we glean the following interesting items:—

The Kiowas Missionary Clause furnishes these items:

Miss M. J. Reeside will sail in April with her friend Miss Patten for Italy, on account of Miss Patten's health. May God grant them a safe journey.

In a few weeks the tones of a new organ will be heard in the mission at Rainy Mountain, the gift of missionary helpers in Champaign, Ills., the freight being paid by the Sunday School in that church.

A young Kiowa and his wife, members of the Rainy Mountain church, have made $466.00 this year by raising cotton and picking for the white people. And last Sunday came and gave $4.66 to Jesus, one cent for each dollar made, and said they were going to keep on in this good road. In a few years there will not be anything said about the lazy Indian.

Papers are in circulation for a new church building among the Apaches. Many Kiowas have given $10 for the new work. This is the new interest under Rev. G. W. Hicks.

Progress of the Negro



SOCIOLOGIST presents the impressive Record and thinks whites have much to learn from negroes.

(Richard R. Wright, Jr., of the University of Pennsylvania in the *Philadelphia Ledger*.)

As one who has studied the so-called "negro problem" for the last ten years, I beg you to allow me to say that the more I know of the race the more hopeful I am, and the more marvellous seem their accomplishments in the last forty years. In the first place, forty years ago they were an illiterate race, but in 1880, 30 per cent. had learned to read and write; to-day 55 per cent. can read and write, and in forty years their illiteracy will be practically wiped out. In the North they have made even greater progress, for to-day 85 out of every 100 negroes are literate. How marvellous this is we may understand by a comparison with foreign countries. According to the report of our commissioner of education, 48 per cent. of the male population of Hungary are illiterate, 68 per cent. of Spain's, 62 per cent. of Russia's, 79 per cent. of Servia's, and 88 per cent. of Roumania's, while 79 per cent. of Portugal's population are illiterate but only 43 per cent. of negro males and 46 per cent. of negro females are illiterate, and this in view of the fact that forty-five years ago they were not permitted to attend the schools.

Again, negroes now own property worth at least $600,000,000, whereas forty years ago they were in poverty. From the last census report I quote as follows:—There were in the United States in 1900, 746,717 farms operated by negroes, of which 716,514 were improved by buildings. These farms contained 38,233,933 acres, or 59,741 square miles, an area equal to that of New England. The total value of these farms was $499,943,734.

Quoting the census again, there were in 1900, among negroes 82 bankers and brokers, 52 architects and designers, 236 artists, 212 dentists, 185 electricians, 120 civil engineers and surveyors, 210 journalists, 719 government officials, 728 lawyers, 1,734 physicians and surgeons, 395 stenographers, 475 bookkeepers, 15,530 clergymen, 21,268 teachers, 156,370 farm owners, 1,311 stock raisers, 1,186 manufacturers and officials in manufacturing establishments, 149 wholesale merchants. This only begins the list but, in view of the fact that these people were slaves less than half a century ago, the record is remarkable.

Again, when we know that slavery did not recognize legal marriage of the negroes, and reflect on their progress in home-making, we cannot but feel that our country is in no danger with the negro among us, if we will only give him a chance. The census of 1900 gave 373,450 as the number of homes owned by negroes. Further, 74 per cent. of these homes are paid for and unencumbered. This is, indeed, a higher percentage than for the whites. And all in forty years. I challenge the world for a duplicate in all its history. There is none. And, further, men say about the negroes' morality what they please, but I say deliberately, after experience with negroes for many years, after living North, South and West in this country, after observation of the peasantry of France, England and Germany, that in view of the past of the race in this country the marvel is that the negroes are so moral.

Mulhall, in his dictionary of statistics, gives us the following figures as to illegitimacy:—For every 1,000 births in Leipsic 211 are illegitimate in Paris, 268; in St. Petersburg, 236; in Copenhagen, 279; in Prague, 439; in Munich, 439; in Vienna, 469; in Stockholm, 396; in Moscow, 300. Not even the worst detractors of the negro race would compare Philadelphia's or New York's negroes with the inhabitants of the above-named cities.

The negro race can thrive in the face of competition. While the Indian has almost died out, and numbers not a quarter of a million, the negroes number 9,000,000, and their natural increase is equal to that of whites, in spite of their higher mortality.

The negro is loyal to the flag and also in peace. No more peaceful laborer, except it be the Chinese, exists than the negro. He could stop the cotton markets and put the world in a panic, if he should go on a three-months' strike in the cotton belt.

Mr. Editor, I do not think I go too far in saying, that the Anglo-Saxon has as much to learn from the simple black race as it has to teach, for we have no music of our own except that of negroes; our Anglo-Saxon minds are commercial, the negro temperament is artistic. There is no religious expression like that of negroes, and to-day, without doubt, those preachers who come nearest the sublimity of prophetic utterance are negro ministers.

The criminal does not represent the negro any more than the whites. What is needed is not to criticize the negro, but to help him, and to give him a chance to help himself and his fellows, and all will profit thereby.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY JEROME, at a recent meeting of the New York ministers, who are in the National Federation of Churches, outlined his plan now before the Legislature for the minimizing of race-track gambling. He said: "Those fellows (the gamblers) can be driven like sheep once you get at them right. They are dead scared of the ministers, especially the Methodists and Baptists. You get a thousand churches interested in this fight and I'll guarantee that this legislation will pass. Arouse the moral sentiment and let them know that you are onto them, and there will be results."

Burro Drivers Carry Candles

(From Modern Mexico)

IN Mexico, all vehicles, be they handcart, automobile, or anything between, must carry a light at night. This rule or law is rigidly enforced. Even the drivers of the poor little burro or mule carts, on their two wheels, must carry a light. So, rather than buy lanterns, which cost money, they take a dip candle, and, wrapping it in a bit of newspaper to shield it from the wind, carry it in their left hand as they drive alohg homeward from work after evening has fallen. The effect is striking, as the light, falling strongly on the Indian driver, throws the face of the man into strong relief against the darkness.

Our Little Folks

All material in the nature of communications, reports, etc., intended for the department, should be sent directly to the one in charge, Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt, 36 Spring Street, Auburn, Maine.



ONE OF OUR PRECIOUS JEWELS.— FLORENCE ADALINE HENRY, KINGSTON, N. Y.

The Household Pet

"I have you safe in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But will put you down in the dungeon,
In the round tower of my heart,
And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls of the dungeon shall crumble,
And moulder in dust away.—

Longfellow's Children's Hour.

Our Fatherland

Tune.—"Stand up for Jesus."

Jesus, thou King of nations
We plead for this fair land,
The home of pilgrim people,
Led hither by Thy hand.
Our hope is in Thy Gospel,
So precious, full and free,
O, let the sweet evangel
Resound from sea to sea.

Bless thou each wand'ring stranger,
Our scattered sons bless, too,
And all our teeming millions
Unto Thyself subdue.
For Zion's sake, delay not,
Put forth Thy mighty hand,
And save from sin forever
Our own dear fatherland.

—*Children's Missionary.*

From Over the Seas

My dear little folks:—We call your attention quite often to the many people, young and old, who are coming from foreign countries to make their homes in America. We do so because we believe the work among them is one of the most important parts of our Home Mission work. We wish you could all hear our beloved missionary, Miss Mathilda Brown, as she tells of her work among them.

On a certain day in the latter part of March there arrived in New York the greatest number ever coming in one day,—sixteen thousand, enough to make one of our good sized cities.

In our schools in New York City, the following nationalities are represented by the children in attendance: Italian, German, Irish, Polish, Russian, Turkish, English, Scotch, Grecian, Syrian, Welsh, Austrian, Egyptian, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, Chinese, Japanese, Swiss, Galician, Lithuanian, and a few Americans. All of these children should be gathered into our Sunday Schools and brought under Christian influences before they are enticed into liquor saloons and other evil places.

It is very seldom we find so good a story as the one we print from the columns of *The Children's Missionary*,—the "Children of the Steerage."

It is a true picture of many an experience at Ellis Island. We know this because we have been there, and have seen and heard many interesting and thrilling things.

Carmelita and her children have many counterparts at our country's immigrant landing places.

Children of the Steerage

BY MINNIE J. REYNOLDS.

NOTE.—The steerage is the part of a vessel in which it costs least to travel. Some steerages hold hundreds of human beings, bed above bed and only narrow passage ways between them. Fathers and older brothers and sisters often come first to our land in these immigrant ships and earn money to send for the rest of the family. These land at Ellis Island and many are met there by their friends. The big policemen try to keep these strangers in a strange land from going astray.



BIG man in blue clothes stood at the door of a great room and bawled names. Hundreds of weary immigrant mothers surrounded by their children, bent strained ears to listen. The authorities do not let women and children bound to New York City points leave Ellis Island until someone comes to meet them. Sometimes friends are tardy in coming and this last wait is the longest of all the weary voyage. When the friends finally come an official appears at the door of the waiting room and calls the name of the one asked for.

"Orrificio Carmelita," yelled the blue coat at the door.

"Orrificio Carmelita Venite qua. Presto."

His voice is hoarse with much howling, but never limpidus Tuscan sounded sweeter in Carmelita's ear. She leaps from the board satchel, covered with flimsy gray cotton on which she has been sitting. The youngest baby is strapped in a brown parcel, exactly like a pappoose, which bandage it endures with the unearthly patience of an Italian infant.

Carmelita grasps the brown roll in one arm, baby whimpering faintly. Over her shoulder she slings two brown sacks, tied together in the middle. In her other hand she takes the

huge satchel which fairly weighs her down. Thus loaded she gives a sharp word of command and five children, little step-stairs from nine down, fall in line behind her.

"Presto! Presto! Hurry up " yells the man in blue.

Carmelita staggers toward the door. She stumbles up some steps, down some others, through an ante room crowded with people, to an iron gate. Out of the iron gate through another iron gate and once more she is in an iron pen fenced round with high grating.

Carmelita murmurs, " Will they never have done putting me in iron pens?"

She wonders if she will have to stay as long in this one as she did in the last; two whole days. " Madonna mia " at this thought Carmelita clasps her hands as well as she can with the baby, and the satchel and the two brown bags. But no, at the very moment when the horrible thought sweeps over her another man in blue, the entire American race apparently dresses in blue, comes to another iron gate and calls "Carmelita Orrificio!" Carmelita staggers forward again, the man in blue stops her. "There should be five children," he says and begins to count noses. Carmelita trembles. Perhaps the nobleman is going to take her children from her. She clasps the brown baby tight. Poor Carmelita! Nobody wants your children!

" Where's the other one? " says the nobleman in blue. " There are only four besides the kid."

It is true. The naughty Guiseppe is lingering behind in the iron cell, where he is found and brought out with harsh words. How is one poor woman to keep track of a satchel, a baby, two brown bags and five children? Carmelita has been so bewildered and so blinded that she could see nothing distinctly and she did not understand when the nobleman called out, " All right, this is your woman, come on there."

Somebody comes on with a rush, and suddenly Carmelita sees Ciccio; yes, it is her Ciccio, whom she has not seen for many weary months, for whom she has come all this weary way, ending in so many iron pens and bawling blue-coated policemen. A great light breaks over Carmelita's face, and happily there is the same light on that of Ciccio, her waiting husband. He is glad to see her and the baby and the five children and he takes the big satchel and has a hand for the last baby whose nose was put out of joint by the littlest one, and together they go away to find the boat for the barge office, and one more family has come to live in America.

Over in the long line of waiting friends stands a young man and women, evidently brother and sister. The girl is a beautiful young creature not more than eighteen, with the splendid black eyes and hair, the oval face and regular features characteristic of Italian good looks. She wears a black skirt and jacket, with smart little black straw hat all neat and tasteful. As I looked at her I could see her as she looked a few years back, herself a bareheaded girl in the immigrant pen, frowsy with the long steerage journey. Suddenly the young man's face broke into smiles. He pointed the girl's glance to the pen. She looked, but instead of smiling, the great tears welled up and overflowed. It is a mother or a lover, surely, that she sees beyond the grating. But no; when the gate is opened out comes a slim boy with dancing eyes, the twelve-year-old brother left at home when she came away, and throws himself into her arms. The girl cries over him, and all the long homesickness for familiar faces is in her tears. Then she lays her arm carelessly about his neck, and down the long stone hall goes thus, her pretty head bent toward him her silk skirt sweeping after her, a vision of grace and beauty in this dull place.

So it goes all day, at the door of the last waiting room tears and smiles, clasped hands and sobbing embraces.—*The Missionary Visitor.*

How Immigrants Carry Money

ONE of the queerest sights, says an exchange, is to see how different immigrants carry their money.

Most English immigrants carry their coin in a small case attached to a chain, which they keep in a pocket as they should a watch.

Irishmen always have a little canvas bag, in which notes and coin are crammed together. Irish girls, on the other hand, generally have their money sewed on the inside of their dresses.

Germans carry their money in a belt round their waists and the belt is usually a very elaborate and costly affair, no matter how poor the immigrant may be.

The French mostly carry a small brass tube, in which they can place forty or fifty twenty-franc pieces, which can be removed very rapidly, one at a time.

There are few Italians who do not carry a large tin tube, in which they keep paper money or silver coins, and this tube is hung round the neck by a small chain or cord.

Swedes and Norwegians are sure to have an immense pocket-book, that has generally been used by their fathers and grandfathers before them, and which has in it enough leather to make a pair of boots.

The Slavonians and Hungarians carry their money in their long boots, together with a knife, fork, and spoon.

—*Forward.*

A Cradle Roll Party

My dear Mrs. Hunt:—I attended a meeting the other day that I thought you might like to know about. Master Kenneth Smith entertained the "Cradle Roll" of the Lincoln Square Baptist Church at his home, Wednesday, March 20th, the occasion being their annual mite-box opening. There were thirty present, not counting adults, the oldest six years and the youngest four months. It was indeed a pretty sight to see the little girls with their pink, white and blue ribbons tripping up to the leader and emptying the contents of their mite-boxes in her lap, and the boys marching up with their boxes. They are the men of tomorrow, and who can say what influence this little act of service for Christ shall have upon their lives. Games were played and light refreshments served. The money is divided between Home and Foreign Missions.

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. J. W. Knight,
75 Eastern Ave., Worcester, Mass

March 25, 1907.

THE AMERICAN BAPTIST HOME MISSION SOCIETY

Receipts from New England for March, 1907

Maine	$2,015.21	Massachusetts	$12,824.03
New Hampshire	986.14	Rhode Island	1,821.44
Vermont	2,667.55	Connecticut	4,222.77
		Total,	$24,537.14

THE WOMAN'S AMERICAN BAPTIST HOME MISSION SOCIETY

For the General Work

Receipts for March, 1907

MAINE, $1,162.11.—Yarmouth, J. C. E., $3.00; Turner, Mrs. L. W. Clark, $1.00; Mrs. Olive Bearse, $1.00; Saco, Church, $8.00; So. Waterboro, $2.00; Rockport, P, $5.00; Sanford, 1st, $28.15; Berry Mills, (Carthage), Mrs. Luther Hutchinson, $1.00; Topsham, $7.20; Juniors, $2.45; Buckfield, $12.00; West Rockport, F. L., $4.00; Y. P. S. C. E., $4.50; Brunswick, Berean, $3.00; Belfast, $14.50; Springvale, $13.00; Perham, Juniors, $5.00; So. Paris, $1.12; Augusta, $18.33; Bangor, 2nd, 3P, $15.00; Westbrook, F. L., $17.50; Yarmouth, $20.00; Millinocket, Dorcas Society, $7.50; Portland, 1st, Ella F. McAllister, F. L., $32.50; Rockland, 1st, $52.00; Sedgwick, T, $9.05, $18.40; Hebron, $7.50; Mrs. Ellen Gilman, $5.00; Mrs. C. Everett, $0.50; S. S. Class of Mrs. Ella Bearse, $1.00; Hartland, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Pratt, $0.52; Monson, $8.15; Cambridge, $2.00; So. Robbinston, Church, $0.50; No. Kennebunk, Alewive, $4.30; Damariscotta, $25.00; No. Berwick, Mrs. Anson Grant $2.00; East Corinth, $10.00; Fayette Corner, $2.50; Fisher District, Dexter, $1.70; Fairfield, Juniors, $1.00; Mount Vernon, $5.00; Eastport, Washington St., $8.00; Wayne, Church, $4.30; Saco, Main St., F. L., $2.00; Thomaston, $26.10; Dover and Foxcroft, $10.00; Caribou, $11.00; Presque Isle, Arnold Stowe Higgins, $0.50; Bath, F. L., $5.50; Camden, Chestnut St., Harriet S. Philbrick, $1.00; Cape Neddick, $9.00; Waterville, Mrs. Margaret D. D. White, $20.00; Hallowell, 1st, $5.00; Livermore Falls, $20.64; Waterboro, 1st, $5.00; Freeport, $12.00; Kennebunkport Village, $4.75; No. Kennebunk, $2.00; Winter Harbor, $4.00; Portland, 1st, Burman Society, $19.71; Kennebunk Village, $6.93; Calais, 2nd, $41.00; Perham, $3.00; Corinna, Miss Lizzie Winchester, $1.00; Bangor, Columbia St., $36.25; Children's Mite Boxes, $6.67; Brewer, 1st, $7.80; Westbrook, $15.00; Damariscotta Mills, Church, $2.25; Calais, 2nd, Busy Bees of S. S., $7.46; Paris, 1st, S. S., $7.21; Skowhegan, Bethany, Mrs. Helen S. Coburn, $50.00; Miss Louise H. Coburn, $50.00; Bryant Pond, Church, $2.48; Lewiston, Bates St., $35 00 No. Haven, $5.50; Portland, 1st, Primary S. S., $10.00; Saco, Main St., $11.00; Paris, 1st, $10.41; Houlton Juniors $4.00; Livermore Falls, Mrs. J. G. Ham, P. $5.00; Foxcroft, Mrs. S. T. Dwinnell, $1.00; Jefferson, 1st, $20.00; Farmington, $8.00; Milo, $20.00; Junior Y. P. S. C. E., $3.28; Houlton, $36.74; S. S. $7.26; Fairfield, 1st. Y. P. S. C. E., $2.00; Smyrna, $1.69; Hodgdon, $1.55; Patten, Miss Mary Fairfield, $1.00; Norridgewock, $7.00; No. Berwick, $7.00; Skowhegan, Bethany, $37.82; Canton, $9.69; Skowhegan, 1st, P, $20.00; Portland, Free St., $18.60; F. L., $21.56; Warren, $22.56; Biddeford, $4.00; Presque Isle, Mrs. E. L. Gates, $1.00; Tuyner, $2.80; Bangor, 1st, $4.00; Gardiner, 1st, $15.00; Fairfield, 1st, $16.13 Calais, 1st, $1.00; Hallowell, $1.50; Buxton Centre, $5.15; Millinokett, $2.50.

NEW HAMPSHIRE $873.49.—Brentwood, $10.25; Meredith, $11.13; West Swanzey, S. S., $3.08; Franklin, $21.70; West Swanzey, $4.50; Bradford, 1st, $1.67; New London, $25.00; Brentwood, $1.00; Manchester, People's, $17.04; Antrim, 1st, Church, $8.50; Exeter, 1st, $30.00; A friend, $20.00; Plaistow, $10.00; Londonderry, $1.24; Portsmouth, Middle St., $25.00; Milford, Beacon Lights, $8.50; Warner, $9.00; Campton Village, $5.50; F. L., $1.00; Concord, 1st, $64.87; Troy, 1st, $12.55; Antrim, 1P, $32.00; Dover, Central Ave., Home Dept., $37.00; So. Lyndeboro, $7.00; Goffstown, $8.00; Mrs. Jennie Reekie, P, $5.00; Goshen, $1.80; Manchester, 1st, $30.00; Newton Junction, $5.00; Manchester, People's, F. L., $4.97; Fitzwilliam, Church, $5.00; S. S., T, $5.00; Sanbornton, 2nd, $4.00; Concord, Mrs. M. J. Page, $5.00; Hampton Falls, $17.45; Franklin, 1st, P. J., $2.20; Cornish Flat, Church, $1.00; Hanover, 1st, $5.00; Hopkinton, $15.00; Milford, 1st, Men's Bible Class, P, $5.00; Nashua, Crown Hill, $15.00; Milford, 1st, Band, $7.50; Lakeport, $4.74; S. S., $4.21; Hinsdale, 1st, $7.00; Keene, 1st, $58.14; Somersworth, $14.25; Rumney, $29.00; Chesham, $5.00; Claremont, 1st, $18.72; Y. P. S. C. E., $3.00; Stratham, $3.00; Plaistow, $17.00; Primary, S. S., $2.25; Suncook, $11.25; Nashua, 1st, $22.00; Laconia, 1st, $17.00; Newton, 1st, $10.00; Manchester, 1st, $22.00; Lebanon, $21.00; S. S. class of Mrs. F. L. Knapp, P, $8.00; Milford, 1st, $26.37; Northwood, Mrs. Annie T. Marshall, $2.00; Newport, $15.75; Manchester, Merrimack St., $22.00; Goffstown, $2.00; East Washington, $9.38; Salem Depot, 1st, $1.50; Penacook, $19.78; Lebanon, Y. P. S. C. E. $3.70; West Derry, $10.00.

VERMONT, $586.97.—Brattleboro, 3P, $15.00; P. J., $1.10; Elizabeth Knight Lawson, $1.00; Ruth Estelle Downer, $1.00; Newport, $20.00 Springfield, $18.00; Wallingford, 1st, $3.08; Bellows Falls, 1st, F. L. $5.00; No. Springfield, Primary S. S., $2.82; East Hardwick, $2.75; Children, $1.60; Wilmington, $5.25; Bristol, Treasure Seekers, $12.30; West Haven, Florence L. Douglas, P, $5.00; Windsor, $4.75; S. S., $0.40; Georgia Plain, $10.00; Young Women's Circle, $2.50; Children, $2.82; Fair Haven, $9.00; Bellows Falls, Band, $2.57; Jamaica, $2.75; Ludlow, Ethel K. Osborn, $1.00; Grafton, $4.52; Cavendish, $6.15; Middlebury, Memorial, $6.50; Panton, $8.00; Burlington, $28.12; Barre, 1st, $11.92; West Cornwall, $7.25; Townshend, $8.00; Johnson, $10.00; Essex Centre, $33.50; East Swanton, Church, $5.00; Middletown Springs, $10.00; South Newfane, $4.00; S. S., $2.00; Brandon, $7.25; Andover, $2.00; S. S., $0.63; Passumpsic, $10.00; Brookline, $4.22; Brattleboro, 1st, $53.09; Jericho, $3.75; Bennington, 1st, $25.00; Hinesburg, $10.00; So. Londonderry, $3.00; St. Johnsbury, 1st, $10.36; East Hubbardton, $5.00; Fairfax, $17.85; Bellows Falls, 1st, $20.00; Ludlow, $11.00; Poultney, $1.00; Derby, $4.35; Barre, Primary S. S., $2.00; Pittsford, $2.00; No. Troy, L. A. and M. S., $6.75; F. L. C., $1.75; Juniors, $1.50; Colchester, $10.00; Chester, T, $5.45, $49.00; Young Ladies, $4.43; P. J., $4.57; St. Albans, $5.50; Brattleboro, P. J., $1.30; West Haven, Mr. F. H. Gardner, P, $5.00; Rutland, Clara Converse Society, $9.00; Stanford, $5.00; Whitingham, $2.00; Groton, $3.75; Whiting, $5.00; Manchester Centre, $5.00.

MASSACHUSETTS, $7,923.10.—No. Abington, P, $8.00; Cheshire, J. C. E., P, $5.00; Salem, 1st, $10.00; Westminster, 1st, P, $25.15; Mills, Mrs. Helen Van Kleich, $1.00; Amesbury, Market St., $17.00; Monroe, $1.75; Worcester, Adams Square, $10.00; Gloucester, 1st, F. L., $4.28; East Somerville, $107.46; Cambridge, North Ave., Mrs. M. C. Reynolds, $1.00; Medford, 1st, $6.69; Brookline, $86.00; Newton Centre, $94.94; Middleboro, Central, T, $0.40, $25.40; Boston, Warren Ave., $17.00; North Attleboro, $8.05; Boston, Stoughton St., Workers Together, $70.41; Sterling, $6.00; Marblehead, 1st, $31.75; Pittsfield, 1st, Kindergarten, P, $5.00; Springfield, State St., Mrs. L. H. Olmstead, $3.00; Ashland, B. S., $5.00; Newton, Immanuel, $3.40; Waltham, 1st, F. L., P, $5.00; Manchaug, $19.00; Adams, 1st, $0.00; No. Attleboro, Mrs. I. F. Dunn, $1.00; Billerica, 1st, $0.41; Methuen, 1st, F. L., $18.00; No. Swansea, $5.00; No. Easton, $8.10; Boston, 1st, $132.50; Brockton, Warren Ave., S. S., $25.16; Waltham, Beth Eden, $12.26; Boston, Ruggles St., $33.20; Foxboro, $9.00; Groton, 1st, $23.00; Mattapan, Primary S. S., $7.00; Gloucester, Chapel St., $80.00; Malden, 1st, $30.00; Hudson, $4.80; Brockton, North, Father and Nearer Lights, $5.00; Primary S. S., $3.00; Becket, $8.10; Lynn, Washington St., $20.00; No. Abington, S. S. and friends, $18.54; Brockton, B. Y. P. U., $5.00; Sutton $1.00; Everett, 1st, $35.00; Arlington, Trinity, $10.00; West Bridgwater, $10.00; Rochdale, Miss Mary Draper, $10.00; Tyringham, Church, $3.00; North Adams, T, $2.50. $27.50; Arlington, 1st, Mrs. C. F. Atwood, $50.00; Lynn, East, $50.00; Westminster, $1.73; West Boylston, 1st, $26.00; Sharon, Miss Eva H. Kimball, $10.00; Watertown, 1st, $50.00; Rockland, 1st, Mr. Washington Clark, P, $5.00; Baldwinsville, $3.00; Brookville, $2.10; Cambridge, Old, $100.00; Boston, 1st, Mrs. A. J. Loud, $100.00; Canton, 1st, $35.25; Rockport, $8.00; Hyde Park, $27.22; New Bedford, 1st, Kindergarten, $3.78; Newburyport, $35.00; Dorchester, Berean Temple, $6.77; Ashland, $10.00; Millbury, $26.00; New Bedford, 1st, $102.94; Lowell, Fifth St., $27.92; Westboro, $30.00; Fall River, 1st, Junior Society, $10.00; Waltham, 1st, Junior Y. P. S. C. E., $6.00; Holyoke, 2nd, $25.00; Maplewood, $41.50; Lancaster, $2.00; S. S., $4.88; Land-a-Hand Society, $4.00; Leominster, $44.19; West Upton, Helen E. Crandall, $2.00; Charlestown, 1st, Judson Society, $53.00; A friend, $10.00; Carver, $15.85; Springfield, Carew St., P. J., $1.20; West Royalston, $5.00; Lynn, Essex St., $2.00; Northboro, $13.75; Boston, Dudley St., $137.32; Chelsea, 1st, $87.22; Winthrop, 1st, $26.30; Boston, Brighton Ave., $35.00; Boston, Swedish, $24.09; Boston, Clarendon St., $136.15; Winchester, $6.80; Manchester, $34.00; Colrain, 1st, $16.45; Plymouth, Judson Circle, $7.50; Chelmsford, Central, $5.00; Somerville, Perkins St., $58.00; Lowell, Branch St., $19.52; Methuen, 1st, F. L., $2.00; Greenfield, $16.70; Brockton, 1st, $17.75; Norwood, $26.35; Ladies' Aid Society, $5.00; Fayville, $6.75; Marlboro, $37.94; Somerville, Union Sq., $7.78; Roxbury, Elm Hill, $2.00; Gardner, Fannie K. C. Brainard, $1.00; Holden, $19.00; East Raynham, $3.30; Fall River,

2nd, $50.41; Primary S. S., $8.47; East Rayuham, $17.15; New Bedford, North, $30.49; Mansfield, $8.69; S. S., $5.00; Groton, 1st, $2.00; Melrose Highlands, $6.00; Y. P. S. C. E., $4.46; Somerville, 1st, 1P, $55.27; Milford, Pine St., $9.29; Salem, Mrs. R. M. Martin, $2.00; Colrain, 2nd, $2.15; Salem, Central, F. L., $21.17; Worcester, Adams Square, Primary S. S., $2.25; Grafton, 1P, $14.50; S. S., $3.00; South Hadley Falls, Mrs. Flora D. Easterbrook $20.00; Needham, F. L., $5.37; Lawrence, 1st, F. L., P, $5.00; Danvers, 1st, $16.53; Lawrence, 2nd, T, $12.35, $47.00; Lawrence, 1st, $85.00; Lawrence, 2nd F. L., 1 P, $60.00; Sherman's Corner, Band, $8.00; Watertown, Junior Band, $2.00; No. Hanover, $75.00; Lynn, Essex St., $23.14; Bernardston, $8.50; Juniors, $1.25; Shelburne Falls, $14.06; Cambridge, 1st, Mrs. J. McWhinnie, P, $5.00; Hyannis, $4.00; Worcester, South, Intermediate S. S., $4.50; Middleboro, Central, $12.35; Wenham, $6.50; Peabody, 1st, F. L., $20.00; Boston, Bethany, $5.15; Church, $6.50; Sheldonville, $10.00; Woburn, $41.55; No. Grafton, $2.00; Girl's Literary and Social Club, $1.50; Mission Study Class, $1.71; Wenham, Earnest Workers, $17.00; F. L., $50.00; Malden, 1st, $25.00; West Roxbury, Stratford St., $5.00; Newton Centre, Legacy of Mrs. Mary White Smith, widow of Dr. S. F. Smith, $191.50; Cambridge, North Ave., Mrs. M. C. Reynolds, 2P, $10.00; Boston, Tremont Temple, Mrs. T. C. Evans, $5.00; Lawrence, 2nd, J. B. Y. P. U., $15.00; Lynn Washington St., F. L., $30.00; Fall River, 3rd, Y. P. S. C. E., $2.63; Dedham, 2nd, $12.50; Worcester, Lincoln Sq., Band, $34.50; Somerville, Winter Hill, 5P, $73.37; East Boston, Central Square, $24.00; Jamaica Plain, Centre St., $33.00; Dorchester, Blaney Memorial, S. S., $5.00; Holliston, B. Y. P. U., $8.38; West Medford, F. L., $10.00; Boston 1st, German, Sewing Circle, $3.00; Framingham, 1st, $23.10; Primary Class, $5.00; Haverhill, 1st, $122.00; No. Abington, 1st, T, $4.24, $10.50; Brockton, Warren Ave., Ella S. Ayer, F. L., $6.42; Long Plain, $3.00; Gloucester, 1st, $46.36; Salem, 1st, Primary Dept., $1.82; Andover Ladies' Aid Society, $19.75; Avon, Addie, F. Crane, $1.00; Reading, 1st, $48.86; Cambridge, Inman Square, $14.00; A friend, $10.00; Weston, $39.00; Medford, 1st, F. L. $10.00; Lawrence, 2nd, Cradle Roll, $5.00; Arlington, 1st, $58.00; Boston, South, $36.00; West Newton, Lincoln Park, $81.74; Cambridge, Immanuel, $4.36; No. Attleboro, $6.00; Lowell, Worthen St., $33.87; Primary Class, $1.13; Petersham, Church, $5.00; Newton, Immanuel, Young Woman's Club, $60.00; Taunton, Winthrop St., $38.03; P. J., $19.22; Mattapan, $25.27; Wakefield, $50.00; Amherst, S. S. Juniors, $1.80; Merrimac, $2.00; Fitchburg, Highland, Church, $25.00; Conway, $4.00; Cambridge, A friend, $33.00; Worcester, Lincoln Square, $77.48; Winchester, A friend, $5.00; Lawrence, 1st, F. L., $15.00; Gardner, $12.00; Worcester, Greendale, S. S., $1.75; Salem, 1st, Nearer and Farther Lights, $5.00; Littleton, $3.31; Dorchester, Blaney Memorial, $69.00; F. L., $15.00; Swampscott, Bethany, $19.05; Boston, Ruggles St., Senior Primary Dept. of B. S., $7.00; Salem, Central, $36.25; Lynn, Washington St., $100.43; Peabody, 1st, $7.25; Lynn, 1st, $70.00; Whitman, $30.00; Salem, 1st Ladies' Evening Mission, Circle $20.52; Kingston, $5.00; Pittsfield, Morningside, $22.00; Pittsfield, 1st, $42.15; Dorchester Temple, $50.40; Charlestown, Bunker Hill, $13.50; Malden, 1st, Primary S. S., $11.00; Boston, Tremont Temple, F. L., Circle, and Mrs. Ricker's Bible Class, $10.00; Lawrence, 2nd, P. J., $5.00; Wakefield, Carey, F. L., $15.00; Hyde Park, F. L., $9.12; Melrose, 1st, $32.00; Westwood, $8.50; So. Hanson, $17.50; Fitchburg, 1st, Primary S. S., $9.15; Plymouth, 1st, Junior B. Y. P. U., $7.25; Haverhill, Portland St., $78.56; Orange, $22.00; Cambridge, North Ave., $26.60; Mrs. L. P. Soule, $50.00; Weymouth, $8.91; Randolph, 1st, $24.87; Agawam, $6.00; Ladies' Aid, $10.00; Amherst, $26.50; Belchertown, $2.00; Chicopee, 1st, $11.20; Central, $17.20; East Longmeadow, $6.90; Holyoke, 1st, $8.20; Juniors, $3.00; Holyoke, 2nd, $100.62; League, $3.00; Northampton, $15.00; Palmer, $5.00; Springfield, 1st, $84.34; Springfield, Highland, $32.76; Girls' Club, $3.00; Springfield, State St., $99.91; Springfield, 3rd, $7.68; Wales, $15.00; Westfield, $30.31; Rochdale, Greenville, J. Y. P. S. C. E., $1.96; Worcester, Greendale, J. Y. P. S. C. E., $1.00; Worcester, Dewey St., P. J., $33.68; J. Y. P. S. C. E., $8.00; Worcester, Greendale, $25.00; Worcester, South, $13.00; Springfield, Park Ave., Memorial, $2.55; Queens of Avilion, $2.50; Sunbeams, $2.25; Revere, 1st, $14.00; Dorchester, Temple, F. L., $10.13; Brockton, P. L., P, $3.00; Cambridge, 1st, $206.55; Newton Center, F. L, $100.00; West Somerville, $1.00; Medford, 1st, J.Y. P. S. C. E., $3.50; Fitchburg, Beth Eden, $9.25; W. W. Mission Band, $2.00; Brockton, 1st, Stewart Society, $20.00; Methuen, 1st, $31.25; Stoneham, 1st, $15.00; Natick, $18.93; F. L., $2.80; Webster, $32.64; Lowell, 1st, $54.50; Greenfield, Pierce St., $11.50; Gloucester, 1st, F. L., $22.97; South Medford, Church, $10.00; Haverhill, Mt. Washington, $5.20; Plymouth, B. Y. P. U., $5.00; Bellingham, $2.00; West Medway, $3.50; Fitchburg, $50.00; Worcester, John St., $5.00; Southwick, $8.25; Charlestown, 1st, S. S. Class of Mrs. Helen M. Ross, $5.00; Needham, $22.20; Reading, 1st, $3.22; Cambridge: Broadway, $24.00; Nearer and Farther Lights, $10.00; Gay Head, $2.50, Boston, Tremont Temple, Benevolent and Missionary Society, $343.00; Middleboro, 3rd, $5.50; Dorchester, 1st, $9.00; Haverhill, 1st, Willing Workers, $10.00; So. Yarmouth, $5.00; Roslindale, $33.00; Westfield, Central, F. L., $10.00; Beverly, 1st, $152.50; Rockland, $10.00; Springfield, Park Ave. Memorial Church, $3.05; West Newton, F. L., $36.20; No. Reading, 1st, $3.76.

Rhode Island, $1,726.92.—East Greenwich, 1P, $16.27; Providence, 1st, Miss Sarah C. Durfee, $25.00; Tiverton, Central, P. J., $2.22; Providence, 1st, 23P, $234.88; Providence, Calvary, Mrs. M. D. Aldrich, $1.03; Wickford, 1st, $50.00; Point Judith, 1P, $46.00; Two Friends, $50.00; Providence, Susan and Emily Manton, $2.50; Saunderstown, Narragansett, $6.00; Block Island, $5.00; S. S., $5.00; Y. P. S. C. E., $2.50; S. S. Class of Mrs. H. A. Roberts, $2.75; Queens River, $4.50; Providence, Cranston St., $39.71; Providence Union, 1P, $31.65; Providence, Jefferson St., $26.00; Tiverton, S. S. Class of Mrs. C. C. Cottrell, P, $5.00; Providence, 4th, $45.40; Pawtucket, 1st, $167.09; Richmond, 2nd, $8.70; Providence, Cranston St., Laura Bixby Society, $125.00; Phenix, $10.50; Providence, Calvary, $77.29; Tiverton, Central, $5.00; Central Falls, Broad St., Vineyard Workers, $13.04; North Kingston, 1st, $5.00; Pawtuxet, $3.00; Jamestown, Central, $20.00; Providence, Pearl St., $24.68; Primary S. S., $4.69; Juniors, S. S., $4.66; Quidnick, $5.00; Providence, Central, $87.10; Cumberland Hill, Two friends, $4.00; So. Kingston, Wakefield, $20.00; Primary S. S., $5.00; Woonsocket, 1st, $49.25; Valley Falls, $10.00; Bristol, 1st, $13.85; Westerly, 1st, F. L., $11.00; Warren., $77.00; Providence, Broadway, $64.67; Providence, Stewart St., $36.42; P. J., $2.10; East Greenwich, Mary C. Madison, P, $5.00; Providence, Stewart St., F. L., $15.92; Allenton, $0.80; Pawtucket, Woodlawn, $35.00; Exeter, $1.75; Newport, 1st, John Clarke Memorial, $25.00; Newport, 2nd, $30.25; Providence, Union, Y. L. Society, $10.00; East Providence, 2nd $16.49; Pawtucket, Woodlawn, Juniors, $4.00; Providence, Roger Williams, $18.80; Primary S. S., $4.00; Oak Lawn, Juniors, $2.05; East Providence, 1st, S. S., $10.00; F. L., $5.50; Pawtucket, Pleasant View, $10.16; Lonsdale, 1st, $15.00; So. Kingston, 1st, $3.20; Providence, Cranston St., S. B. W. Society, $2.00; Providence, Mt. Pleasant, $25.00; P. J., $1.90; Westerly, 1st, $5.00; Pawtucket, Woodlawn, Beginners and Primary Dept., $19.00; Oak Lawn, F. L., $5.50.

Connecticut, $1,434.75.—Willington, $25.00; Stamford, 1st, P, $5.00; Mystic, Union, $27.50; Winsted, 1st, $1.00; Wallingford, T, $11.50, $14.26; Rowayton, Ladies' Aid Society, $5.00; So. Norwalk, B. Y. P. U., $5.00; Plantsville, $5.00; Norwich, 1st, $21.61; Quaker Hill, 2nd, $3.25; No. Stonington, 2nd, P. J., $1.00; Sterling, Y. P., $2.00; Hartford, 1st, Mrs. Alice H. Bennett, $25.00; Norwich, Central, Vineyard Workers, $19.00; East Lyme, $4.00; Lebanon, $6.00; Danielson, Junior B. Y. P. U., $5.00; Putnam, 1st, 1P, $8.11; New Britain, 1st, $51.36; Primary S. S., $1.65; Brooklyn, F. L., $6.75; Mansfield, Church, $18.00; Poquonoc Bridge, B. Y. P. U., $1.52; Plainville, $16.00; Packerville, $7.00; New Haven, Grand Ave., $20.00; Thompson, $32.00; Voluntown, F. L., $5.00; Danielson, $8.00; No. Colebrook, $1.87; West Woodstock, $13.00; Mansfield, Ada Chaplin Band, $10.00; Deep River, $42.63; Voluntown, $3.50; Bridgeport, Immanuel, $10.00; Shelton, $4.30; Noank, $35.00; Hartford, South, Primary Dept. of S. S., $9.00; Hartford, Olivet, $11.71; New London, Huntington St., $9.25; Norwich, 3rd, $12.48; Noank, Juniors, $0.75; Danielson, F. L., $15.00; Chester, $31.00; Jewett City, T, $6.50, $20.50; New London, 1st, F. L., $22.50; Hartford, Asylum Ave., $66.00; So. Windsor, $6.00; Bridgeport, Messiah, $2.00; Stepney, $20.00; New London, Huntington St., J. Y. P. S. C. E., $1.50; Groton Heights, $21.00; Bloomfield, $5.00; Tariffville, $1.00; So. Woodstock, "Little Helpers' Band," $0.25; Suffield, 2nd, T, $13.00; Bridgeport, 1st, $117.00; Sterling, $3.00; Moosup, Union, $66.87; Stamford, 1st, P, J., $1.80; Packerville, Y. P., T, $2.00; Montville, $15.62; Young Ladies, $10.00; S. S. Class of Mrs. Hattie Furber, $1.50; Hartford Asylum Ave., J. Y. P. S. C. E., $3.05; Niantic, $8.23; Waterbury, 1st, $19.00; Middletown, $75.00; Norwich, Central, Juniors $15.00; New Haven, Grand Ave., F. L., $14.00; Meriden, 1st, $16.40; Stafford, $10.08; Ansonia, 1st $18.00; Waterford, $21.91; New London, Huntington St., F. L., $11.50; Preston City, $7.00; Stepney, Young People and Children, $12.25; Wallingford, 1st, F. L., $2.75; Torrington, Calvary, $5.73; Clinton, $11.00; Suffield, 1st, $6.00; Bozrah, 1st, $20.00; Hartford, 1st, T1, $51.54; Essex, 1st, $3.05; Laurel Glen, Y. P., $0.50; Stonington, 3rd, Y. P., $1.00; Groton Heights, Juniors, $0.75; New Haven, Olivet, $7.25; Primary Class, $5.00; Juniors, $1.00; So. Norwalk, $57.00; New Haven, Howard Ave., $18.00; Church, $20.00; Meriden, Main St., F. L., $15.00; Ashford, 2nd, $5.00; Suffield, 2nd, $15.00.